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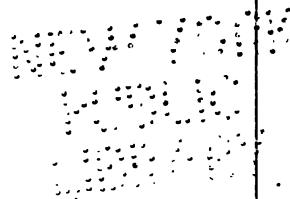


for on 10
3/18/1999

ODD MOMENTS

BY

EDNA BOYDEN, M.A.



CHRISTMAS, 1908
COCHRANE PUBLISHING CO.
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To My Dear
FATHER AND MOTHER

Copyright, 1908

By EDNA BOYDEN, M. A.

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DUTY.

I.

Each one has here a duty to perform;
God sent each here
To make the world the better by his life,
Each day, each year.

II.

Tho' some may traverse Fame's bright paths, 'mid praise
Lie down to rest;
Yet some must lead a life obscure and plain.
God knows what's best.

III.

So do whate'er thy hand shall find to do,
With all thy might,
If lowly tasks or high God sends, and know
All will be right.

A SPRING MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

WHAT can compare with the joy of a spring morning in the country? To be awakened by the sunrise hymn of the birds—those dear little travelers who, with the robin and the bluebird in the lead, have just returned from their winter sojourn in the sunny South! To throw open the

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window in the early morning and listen to their sweet, clear notes as they gaily greet the rising sun!

To walk abroad early in the day, across the spongy meadows where the grass has just the faintest touch of green; to welcome gladly each little, swelling bud on the brown, bare trees, as one ascends the winding path through a stretch of woods to search for the first hepatica and to hear the never-ceasing rushing of the hillside stream swollen from the melting snow!

To climb higher and higher until the summit is reached and there to pause and feel the gentle breeze of spring fanning the cheek, while one breathes in the sweet, woody odors never so fragrant and delicate as in springtime.

Not merely to see and hear and breathe in the beauty but to *feel* it in an inexpressible way! The splendor, the grandeur, the solemnity of it all! The deepening of one's love of Nature and of Nature's God! The sense of nearness to the Great Creator, He "Who made this splendor!"

The inspiration! The power received from a deepened appreciation of Nature, that enables one to do a better day's work on returning to the daily duties of life!

This is enjoying to its fullest extent the early hours of a spring morning in the country!

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THE JOYS OF AN AUTUMN RAMBLE.

Is there anything more enjoyable in autumn, to a lover of Nature, than a solitary ramble through the woods? When one's daily toil is over, what a pleasure it is to stroll along a country road until the path through one's favorite stretch of woods is reached! The air is bracing and sweet with a most peculiar, pleasant odor of dying leaves, that rustle with a show of life, beneath one's tread and then fall back to Mother Earth in a calm, complaisant kind of way, ready to die, their beautiful gorgeous tints of red and yellow fast fading into a sombre brown. Their gay companions who still linger on the branches, rival in perfection of coloring the most brilliant sunset one has ever witnessed. A gentle breeze stirs them and slowly some of their number flutter downward like a gay company of birds with brilliant plumage.

A few late flowers, such as goldenrod and wild asters, still blossom along the path. One cannot refrain from comparing the warm, pleasant sunshine with the dull, wintry skies that are coming and the present splendor and brilliancy of the landscape with the sad, gray woods of winter where the wind will blow cold and bleak among the naked branches. "Fain would we linger" in the charming season of autumn. But that cannot be. Like the little brook that one meets in one's ramble, our course must be "onward, ever onward."

As an old friend one greets this little stream swollen now to a mighty, rushing current. Truly it is in the autumn that "brooks from woods begin to rise." How

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changed it is from the quiet brooklet of summer which could be easily crossed on stepping stones! The stones are covered now but a fallen tree a little farther up the stream serves as a bridge.

As one leaves the course of the brook and the music of its many little waterfalls becomes fainter and fainter, the woods grow more and more silent! The little songsters have flown away. The squirrels hopping from tree to tree, busily gathering in their winter store of nuts, are the only living creatures within sight.

What a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure if one reaches the hilltop just as the glorious sun is slowly sinking in the west! Who can paint with adequate words the grandeur and the glory of the setting sun? "All is silent far and near." One, surveying such a scene, needs no companion. As the eye wanders over the landscape with its miles of wooded hills whose beautiful foliage is glowing in the rays of the departing sun and as one views the wide stretches of green meadowland between, with the little brook winding like a silver thread down across the fertile fields to join the larger river near the town, one instinctively feels the presence of God, the Creator of all this beauty and grandeur! And God's other creation, the little, insignificant human being standing on that hilltop, bows with reverence before his Maker. One feels a sense of nearness to the Divine, an uplifting of one's sordid nature, a spirit of thankfulness for the gift of life in this beautiful Universe and a humble heartfelt desire to make his future life reflect a little of the loveliness and peace that is brooding over all the landscape and holding him spellbound by its charm.

The sound of the evening bell across the hills brings to an end one's reverie. His arms laden with treasures of

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the woods and his heart filled with an appreciation of God's manifested love and beauty, the wanderer slowly homeward wends his way. One is ready to take up life's burden with renewed energy and to fulfill one's daily tasks in a nobler, worthier manner, for during the ramble there has entered into the soul "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

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SUNSETS.

How many different kinds there are! Does the sun ever go down in exactly the same way for two days in succession? It seems not. Our poets, small and great have described the sunset and each one has had a different kind in mind.

Sometimes at the close of a cloudless day, a so-called "perfect" day, "the glorious orb sinks slowly in the west." A sunset of this kind seems to draw everything toward it and leaves the western sky a beautiful, mellow, golden color for fully an hour afterward. Often the light is reflected to a few fleecy clouds in the east, tinting them with a delicate shade of pink.

Then at times the sun sets amid some clouds in the west and as "King Sol retreats from view," he tinges the clouds with a combination of pale green, lavender and rose color such as no artist's brush has ever been able to portray. One unconsciously repeats Wordsworth's lines, "The clouds that gather round the setting sun," etc.

Often the sun gradually disappears in a mass of hazy clouds before it reaches the horizon, foretelling cloudy weather the following day.

Sunsets at sea have a very unique character. The sun is seen in the western sky and an instant later it has suddenly dropped below the horizon as if by magic.

How beautiful are the fiery sunsets of winter when the sky becomes a deep crimson hue, which is reflected to the snow-white landscape! A few dark pine or spruce trees contribute to the perfection of the color scheme at such

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a sunset. In summer a sunset of this kind is sometimes seen also, as Longfellow describes it:

“And the evening sun descending,
Burned the broad sky,
Set the clouds on fire with redness.”

But usually summer sunsets are softer and more mellow with an accompaniment of the twittering of birds in their peaceful evensong. Milton must have had a very quiet summer sunset in mind when he penned the lines, “The sun’s last rays are fading into twilight soft and dim.”

Over me the sunset possesses a weird charm. A certain sense of delightful quiet, rest and peace mingled with a touch of sadness. Rest from the toil of the completed day; sadness, because one is reminded how much more might have been accomplished. The daily sunset is a symbol of the sunset of our lives. To a right-living person this is a very serious but a not unpleasant thought.

Whatever the sunset, to me it is not complete unless I repeat my favorite lines from Whittier:

“Past beauty seen is never lost,
God’s colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed.”

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LIFE IN THE MAINE WOODS.

AN ideal way of spending a summer vacation is to travel to the Maine woods and there lead "the simple life" for the only two or three weeks of the whole year that the business man or woman is permitted to call his or her own. The journey to a camp in Maine is a novel and exciting experience in itself. From the railroad station nearest the camp, the rest of the journey, which may be a matter of twelve or fifteen miles, consists often of a series of five-mile drives from one lake to another, interspersed with launch rides across the lakes. As one goes farther and farther from civilization, the roads become rougher and rougher until during the last few miles before the camp is reached, the horses usually have only the baggage to draw—the prospective campers preferring to walk rather than be jolted out of the wagon-seats by the roughness of the road.

The launch rides across the lakes that break the monotony of the rough drives, are very pleasant except when the traveler is confronted with the problem of being transferred from the launch to a canoe before a landing can be made—which experience is to the novice, quite a serious and "shaky" one.

The camp once reached, a gloriously free and independent life begins. The cabins, built of logs, are grouped together in an attractive spot. Often one or two persons are all that occupy a cabin, consisting of two or three rooms. The kitchen is a separate cabin and the dining-room another. Within, the huts are furnished in rough,

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primitive style, nearly all the furniture being made of logs and even the partitions between the rooms consisting of small logs. The cracks are filled with mud, moss or excelsior. The odor from the logs, most of which are pine or spruce, is delightful. No sounder, sweeter sleep was ever enjoyed than in a bed made of fragrant pine logs. One sleeps under blankets all July and August in the Maine woods and sometimes a hot-water bottle at one's feet, is a very comforting and pleasant companion.

A word may be said here perhaps of the costumes usually worn in camp. If one is wise he will confine his baggage to suit-cases instead of a trunk. Clothing that does not hamper locomotion is the only kind to be worn. The men wear flannel shirts and knickerbockers, and the women dark blouses and short skirts. High boots for the rough roads, and all the roads are rough near camp, are an absolute necessity, also sweaters as the temperature is usually cold.

It is well to carry a complete fishing outfit, for fishing is the principal occupation of the campers. Trout is the most abundant kind of fish. Oh, the joy of paddling one's canoe to a favorite sequestered spot in the lake among the lily pads or in the shady brook and sitting there in absolute silence and feeling "first a nibble and then a bite" and landing with righteous pride a beautiful trout! The one drawback while one is fishing is the great number of woodflies which at times are very annoying, biting deep enough to draw blood. However, the string of fish one carries on his return to the camp is usually sufficient compensation for these "pests of the woods."

Canoeing is in itself one of the camper's favorite sports and if one is careful there is no reason why it is not a perfectly safe one. The picture of a canoe gliding through

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the quiet waters, paddled gracefully by an experienced hand, is not likely to fade soon from the memory.

Of course summer not being "open season" the camper of a sportsman's turn of mind cannot lawfully indulge in shooting the moose and deer that usually abound in the vicinity. He must content himself with wild ducks which are apt to lead him a merry chase and perhaps an occasional porcupine whose quills he may carry home as trophies.

Naturally the novice camper has his first experience in mountain climbing to reach some peak from which a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Perhaps from such a peak that part of the view which impresses one most is the immense number of lakes to be seen; large lakes, lakes long and narrow, round lakes, lakes of every description; a hundred may sometimes be seen from one peak.

The bathing in these lakes is apt to be very undesirable unless one is a good swimmer and there is a diving board out in the lake. Near the shore there is usually more mud than sand, which of course is not pleasant.

Very few hours of pleasant weather are consumed indoors; the post office is usually ten or twelve miles away and the mail is received only once or twice a week, hence there is little to do in the house. One is not burdened with letter-writing; what little corresponding there is to be done can easily be accomplished on the rainy days that occasionally come unbidden. Sitting around the huge log fire, telling fishing and hunting stories, is the favorite rainy-day occupation. If a spell of rainy weather visits a camp, the inhabitants sometimes defy the elements and go on a fishing expedition and find it rare sport in spite of the downpour.

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There is always something in this woodland life to tempt one outdoors. When one tires of canoeing, fishing, swimming and mountain climbing, there are always long tramps to be taken through "the tangled wildwood," in which if one loves Nature, he never tires of admiring the beautiful scenery, discovering new specimens of birds and plants, meeting with clear, refreshing springs and breathing in the healthful odor of the pines! The sunrises and sunsets are gorgeous; the camera fiend is only sorry he cannot portray the color scheme.

The lakes, beautiful at all times, are perhaps the most picturesque toward evening when one steals out from camp to a favorite quiet nook and concealing himself amid the foliage, awaits breathless to see the noble deer come down to the lake and drink. The words "The stag at eve had drunk his fill" come unbidden to the mind. Approaching the animal against the wind, one can often make quite a study of him until the observer unfortunately steps on a branch or twig that cracks and the deer scenting danger, bounds away to the sheltering woods. The camper must then content himself with studying the lengthening shadows on the glassy lake. The landscape in the moonlight appears weird and beautiful, and a canoe ride on the lake by the light of the full moon, is an experience never to be forgotten.

There is perhaps no more economical way of spending a vacation than in a Maine camp, for beyond the expenses of the journey and one's board, there is absolutely no possible manner of spending money. There is certainly no healthier life, and to those who crave rest and an absolute change in mode of living there is no pleasanter way of passing the time and none which leaves in one's mind happier memories.

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PRAYER.

"Could the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom would we think of prayer;
Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair."

YES, it is only when sorrow comes, when we are overburdened by some great trouble that we cannot bear alone, then and then only do most of us begin to think of our one remaining comfort, "blessed prayer."

Prayer is a healing balm to the mind; it is to the soul what medicine is to the body. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." But prayer is not only a spiritual medicine to be indulged in when the soul is sick and sorrowful. It is a spiritual food also and therefore necessary at all times, even when the heart is glad and merry and life's path seems strewn with roses. It is a daily sustenance, nay more than that, an hourly.

When all about us there are peace and prosperity, health and happiness, when we feel (as we all sometimes do) thoroughly contented with our lot in life and on good terms with the rest of mankind, then is the moment ripe to lift up our heart in thankfulness to God for the blessings He has showered upon us and to ask Divine aid in striving to be worthy of them. Our Heavenly Father in His great wisdom wishes prayers to arise from happy souls as well as from those who are plunged in the depths of despair.

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Some people, throughout the whole course of their lives, never realize the solace, the joy, the blessedness of prayer. They live and die without having ever experienced its real, refreshing power. But no life can be complete without this personal realization of what prayer means. Those to whom it never comes are not always atheists and infidels, either. Many of them are within the folds of the Christian Church, at least in name. They hear prayers offered up in places of public worship and at home perhaps they repeat the Lord's prayer daily. But they do it more from force of habit than for any other reason. They go through the beautiful words in a mechanical manner, without ever realizing their true force and meaning.

Prayer has been called "communion with God" and a sweet, close communion it is! Speaking to God! Not only asking aid in our daily trials and tribulations, but also pouring out our thanks for His great mercies! "Humble as a little child" should we feel when we prostrate ourselves before our Maker and beg Him to answer our petitions for the sake of His dear Son, our Saviour!

And He has promised to answer them, if it is for our good and if we ask worthily.

"Ask and it shall be given you."

"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

"All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

"The prayers of a righteous man availeth much."

The Scriptures are full of such promises. The God of the Universe listening patiently to the righteous prayers of each and every one of His children!

Prayer is a duty and it is also a most blessed privilege.

Happy is the man who has learned to breathe a fervent prayer at all times and in all vicissitudes of life, in sick-

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ness or in health, in sorrow or in joy, amid prosperity or misfortune. Truly "the peace of God" enters into the heart of him who has formed the habit of "continuing instant in prayer."

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HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS is a state of mind that neither health, money, social position nor fame can purchase. It is oftener found among the lowly than those of high estate. A man may possess all that money can buy and be endowed with good health also, and yet happiness, we say, is denied him. Not so! To be sure, it cannot be bought, but it is denied to no one. If a man does not enjoy a state of happiness, it is because he denies it to himself. It is a condition of mind attainable by all.

What does it mean to be happy? It means, above all, to be contented. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Worry is at war with contentment. The man who would be happy must cease to worry. He must try to be satisfied with his lot, whatever it may be. He must make the best of his surroundings, uncongenial though they are. He must "cast care aside, lean on his Guide." He must remember that no amount of worrying on his part will in the least, change the outcome of events. Let him strive to do his little part as best he can and leave the future to "the powers that be." When a man has fully determined to do this, the whole aspect of life will change for him; everything will assume a brighter outlook, daily duties will become less irksome; petty annoyances will cease to vex, and peace and contentment will enter into his soul.

A lonely life is usually an unhappy one. The person who keeps himself remote from his fellow creatures and broods over whatever troubles he has—and we all have troubles of one kind or another—will find that they multiply and increase tenfold. If a man has a great sorrow or affliction to bear, the best way to endure it is to put himself entirely aside, to go out among his fellows, try

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to help someone else, learn to know other people and to sympathize with them. In this way he will soon lose sight of his own trouble. It will lessen by comparison with those of others. No matter how hard one's lot, there is always someone else who has a harder cross to bear. The man who has learned kindness to others has gone a long step on the road toward the attainment of happiness. Good deeds bring a feeling of complete satisfaction and contentment with ourselves and the whole world. Nothing else affords such perfect happiness!

The greatest enemy to happiness is an abundance of unoccupied time. Busy people are always happy ones. To be sure, the life of the soul requires that a certain amount of time be devoted to thinking on serious subjects. But too much leisure gives a man the habit of thinking more of his own troubles than is good for him. It causes him to "make mountains out of molehills." A useless life, a life with no purpose, a life lived for self alone, a life of leisure, is an unhappy life. The surest cure for unhappiness is work. This cannot be repeated too often, work, work, work. As Henry van Dyke says in his "Foot-path to Peace," "To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to work, is a little guide-post on the foot-path to peace."

A terrible disappointment has come to a man. Let him sit down and brood over it and within a short time he will make himself so miserable that he cares not whether he lives or dies. But let him begin to work, at first perhaps only with a desire to forget his trouble and get away from his own thoughts, and in a very short time his grief will begin to vanish and there will return to him that peace of mind which he had never thought to enjoy again.

A good, healthy kind of happiness is that which comes

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from satisfaction with one's self at having accomplished a difficult task. The joy of overcoming is inborn and brings with it an unrivalled contentment. Honest labor brings a peace of mind that gold can never buy. Toil may tire the body, but it often proves restful to a troubled mind. The healthy sleep of the man who labors, either at manual or mental work, is refreshing, and a restful night is the forerunner of a happy, contented spirit on awaking, and a desire to go forth once more and accomplish as much work as possible during the coming day.

A little pleasure is an absolute necessity for health and happiness, but alas! some poor, deluded mortals have an idea that a constant round of gaiety is bound to bring happiness to him who indulges in it. This is a mistake. Contentment never was and never will be synonymous with useless pleasure. An hour spent in useful, unselfish labor will bring far more real contentment than a day spent in useless, selfish, so-called enjoyment.

True happiness of the highest type is not the free, unconscious happiness of the little child that finds expression in joyous shouts of laughter. The child is ignorant of the real meaning of sorrow and grief, hence his happiness is incomplete.

The highest type of happiness is the contentment and peace of mind that have been striven for and attained by a man or woman who has seen and felt life's bitterness, who knows the meaning of poverty, temptation, false blame, untrue friendship, unrequited love and death of dear ones. He who endures the trials of life patiently and has faith to say, "God knows best," he who can let all rest in his Master's keeping and live a life of usefulness, doing well his little part with a contented spirit, and striving to aid his fellow men as much as possible, *that* man has attained true happiness.

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THE READING OF FICTION.

A FREQUENTER of the public libraries of New York City cannot fail to observe the great number of works of fiction that are taken out by readers, as compared with all other classes of literature. In most of the libraries the shelves of fiction far exceed in number those of philosophy, history, general literature, poetry, arts, etc. So great are the demands of the fiction-reading public that libraries are compelled to make the rule, that of the two books which may be drawn at one time, only one may be a work of fiction. It is not necessary to make any such stipulation in regard to any other class of literature. Why is this so?

It must be admitted that there is something restful in reading a work of fiction. Nothing enables one to forget the surrounding world with its manifold cares and troubles, so quickly as "a story." But should this losing of self be our only aim in reading? Is pleasure the only end we seek?

Far from it. We should read for a deeper, worthier, nobler purpose. We do not live to read, but we read to live; i. e., to help us to live better. Any book which will aid one iota in making our lives better, broader, higher and purer, which will bring us a little nearer that ideal which every intelligent person must have formed in his own mind—that book is a good book for us to read. From reading a book we should receive some inspiration, we should feel that we are better fitted for our work than we were before. It is not religious works alone

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that serve this purpose. Good poetry, general essays and many other kinds of literature often produce the same effect.

Another service that a book may render is to instruct. We can surely spend our time more profitably by reading a book that will help us in that second education (self-education) which every thinking person seeks for himself, far more profitably than by merely feeding our imagination with improbable tales and stirring our passions to an undue extent. Does it not seem sensible to broaden one's knowledge by spending an hour or two daily in learning something about other countries which, perhaps through a lack of time and money, we may never be permitted to visit? In this way books may be made substitutes for travel.

Through reading history we come in contact with the great men of the past, though our circumstances may be such that we never meet a famous man of the present. The history learned from historical novels is of no value; it usually gives a biased opinion on any subject and is in a large measure invented or changed by the author to fit his plot. A slight acquaintance with some of the arts and sciences may be gained from general reading and will often enable one to take part in conversation intelligently.

The reading of too many novels unfits rather than fits one for the commonplace duties of life. Let those of us who have the training of the young in our hands, remember this.

Let us join the ranks of those who read with other ends in view than mere amusement! And when we do read fiction occasionally, let it be good fiction that has stood the test of years. Let us not be satisfied with merely getting the story but let us search deeper and learn some-

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thing of the author's life and the circumstances under which the book was written; let us observe the style of the author and compare it with that of other writers! A popular novel of to-day whose author's name will be scarcely remembered next "season," is not worth this trouble. Let us merely glance through such a book, but when we want to "read," let us read a book that is worthy of consuming our time!

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ONE PHASE OF THE ROMANCE OF GIRLHOOD.

GIRLS in their teens have a habit of "adoring" one another in a truly romantic way. It is but natural, as it is only one phase of the romantic element with which at that period of life the girlish nature is imbued.

A mere trifle is often the cause of one girl becoming an object of admiration to another—more than that, a faultless personage raised on a pedestal and well-nigh worshipped. A beautiful pair of eyes, a winning smile, a few words of comfort, a look of sympathy in the many (often imaginary) troubles of a young girl's life, is often the cause of a fascination which may last for days, weeks or even months, seldom years.

Sometimes this rapidly sprung-up affection is one-sided; sometimes it is mutual and each one thinks the other "simply perfect" and addresses her as "dearest," "love" and "darling" one day and transfers her affection to a new idol twenty-four hours later. Why? Because, having looked upon her idol as a flawless spirit and wilfully blinded herself to the fact that the idol was human and hence not entirely pure and sinless, she is utterly shocked at the discovery that she has been worshipping a human creature who, in common with the rest of mankind, possesses some good points but also many faults. Oh, the bitterness of the awakening when she discovers that instead of a faultless individual, her "adored one" is simply an ordinary girl whose nature is far, far from perfect.

No girl worships two others at once, but she may transfer her affection from one to another until they score

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half a dozen, seldom more. By that time she has usually become woman enough to realize that perfection in human nature does not exist. From that day on she forms friendships, real, true, helpful, womanly friendships. In each of the women whom she calls by the sacred name of "friend," she sees many good points, enough to overbalance the faults and failings which she realizes also exist. How different from the spontaneous worshipping of girlhood are the earnest, lasting friendships of womanhood!

Pure, innocent, romantic girlhood! Let them worship their idols and dream that they are perfection! The veil will be torn away all too soon, the romantic side of life will have vanished and stern reality appear before them. As long as earth shall last the romance of girlhood will reveal itself in these quickly formed and quickly dissolved fancies.

This adoration is the beginning of love. It appears before the heart is ripe for sexual love. Let it continue! It is a worthy forerunner of real, true, natural love which, please God, a few years hence, these same romantic girls, merged into earnest, sensible young women, may learn to know in a happy, blessed way.

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FRIENDSHIP.

IN a great city like New York, where our sphere of life is so large, our list of acquaintances so long, and our social duties so many and varied, we often confuse the term friend with acquaintance. This is a serious mistake, for if we would be accurate we must apply the word, friend, to a limited number of individuals only. For friendship is a sacred thing and cannot exist between chance acquaintances or traveling companions of an hour. Friendship must be true and tried to be friendship at all. In the proper use of the word, it is one of the highest and noblest qualities that can be present in a man's nature. It has existed in the world since the time when two men lived, each of whom "loved the other as his own soul."

Sexual love is but natural; so is parental and filial. They are connected more or less with duty; the love that exists in friendship is entirely distinct from duty or obligation of any sort. It does not expect impossibilities as *love* does. It is never jealous.

There is great value in true friendship, but we must take "the bitter with the sweet" in this as in all other things in life and bear patiently the sufferings involved in it; for how far a person is willing to suffer and sacrifice himself for his friend's sake determines the depth of his friendship.

There are many people in the world who have never had the feeling of real, true friendship for another human being. A life can be lived without it. It is not a gift of nature as relationship is. It is simply a state of a man's

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feelings created in himself, by himself. But all great men have had it. It is a sign of a high, noble spirit and exists in any condition of life, high or low, rich or poor, old or young, although of course it cannot exist between young children, for a person must know what life really is and must realize that "life is real, life is earnest" before he can possess the feeling of true friendship for another human being. A childish liking for another individual may grow into a friendship in the course of years, but it must be tried and proved before it can become a friendship in the highest sense of the word.

Friendship can exist between man and man and between woman and woman and it has existed between man and woman in a few rare cases and been quite distinct from sexual love. In such instances the minds of both parties have risen above the phrase that determines the actions of so many people, "what will the world say?" However, friendship between man and man and between woman and woman is not only approved by the world at large but is sanctioned by the Father and thereby made a holy and sacred thing and as such it ought to be regarded by us.

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LOVE TRANSFORMED.

SHE had loved once, loved passionately! She had given ungrudgingly the great gift of her pure, loyal, loving, girlish heart to the man in whom she saw not one flaw. No matter how he appeared to others, to her he was honor, loyalty and truth itself, perfection in the highest degree. For three years she had reveled in the bounty of the love which he in turn bestowed upon her. Possessing as she thought she did, the whole affection of a true, noble, manly soul, life's course flowed on serenely. Oh, the ecstasy of those years! They seemed but a day and yet a lifetime!

And then had come the great awakening. The true insight into his mean, low character! It had come upon her like a lightning flash! Oh, the shock of finding that the being she had cherished was false, utterly false, unworthy of the noble name of "man" and unworthy of her true love in all its freshness and purity.

With what inward throes of agony she had taken back the great gift of love which she had given him—*Him?* No, not him as she saw him *now*, but the man she had thought him to be. She had given the love of a pure, girlish heart; she took back the love of a worn, weary woman. But it was an equally sacred treasure and one to be guarded with as great care.

She met him face to face a short while after the depravity of his real character had been revealed to her. Her eye met his, calm and unflinchingly. He turned guiltily away. She bowed queenly, majestically and passed

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on! It was not that man as she saw him there, that she had loved. It was another being who has passed out of her existence forever!

The world hears of outward battles waged, but it never suspects all the inward struggles, such as the one that was waging in that girl's breast. Girl? Yes, she was a girl when the struggle, the struggle to conquer self, began. It lasted a twelvemonth and she emerged a strong, reliant woman whose earnest, soul-lit eyes betrayed the possession of a great love longing to bestow itself, yet knowing full well that it could not be bestowed, for the object of its choice was dead, dead to all save memory!

At first she had felt that her heart was dead within her, but she was not a woman whose love could die. Her heart was too womanly for that. So after a period of suppression and suffocation the spirit of love again rose up in her soul.

Whence should she bestow this great love? Upon one individual? Never! The time for that was past! Yet the love could not remain within her being! Ah, but its character had changed! It was no longer an inividual, but a universal love, to be given in portions as the world had need of it.

Her Maker received the largest share; her fellow beings the rest. The men and women with whom she came into daily contact felt her presence among them as that of a woman whose own, personal, selfish love had been transformed into a spirit of broad, universal sympathy.

Her heart made more tender with pain, her hand more gentle, her whole nature enriched, she went forth to be a blessing to many. Pilgrims worn and weary and near life's journey's end received with gladness the words of cheer and comfort that she spoke to them. She ministered to

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the poor, the afflicted and to all erring sisters. Innocent little children grew to love her for her deeds of kindness. A spirit of renunciation dominated her being. Self became obliterated; she existed for the good she could do to those about her. Her presence became that of a ministering angel combined with a self-reliant, noble, true-hearted, unselfish woman. She found new joy—joy which was sorrow transfigured. God's comfort came to her heart and a happy peace to her eyes.

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A GLIMPSE OF A HUMAN SOUL.

Nor long ago on Broadway in New York City there occurred an incident so unusual in character that it paralyzed for a moment the crowd there which, as a rule, hurries on absolutely unmindful of any but its own affairs.

A great, burly fellow with a hardened face and apparently about thirty years of age, was being led along by an officer. The well-dressed "*gentlemen*" hurrying by, evinced no particular interest in the man who was evidently under arrest; indeed they seemed hardly aware of his presence, unless it was to be very careful not to allow his ragged coat to come in contact with their neat, well-brushed clothes.

Suddenly there rang through the crowded thoroughfare a woman's piercing cry! While crossing the car tracks a little child had stumbled and fallen. In a moment more the car would be upon her! The mother, paralyzed by fear, stood on the sidewalk, powerless to save her little one! A man dashed forward to the rescue! A man? Yes, the man under arrest. Even the officer was too much astonished to comprehend that his prisoner had escaped. But the prisoner did not intend to escape. Snatching the child from the track and placing her carefully in her mother's arms he walked up to the officer and once more resigned himself to his charge.

The whole action lasted but a moment and the jostling crowd moved on, but alive now to the fact that they had witnessed the deed of a hero. In the midst of a great, crowded city had been seen, in an apparently hardened man, a glimpse of a human soul.

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AN INCIDENT ON WALL STREET.

A SHORT time ago on Wall street in New York City, in front of the Stock Exchange, a somewhat unusual incident took place.

At three minutes of twelve, in the midst of the whirl which was then at its height, a broker mounted a cab, with his watch in his hand. He announced briefly that at that hour in an uptown church, service was being held over the remains of a fellow-broker, one who had shared in their struggles, their defeats and their triumphs and who throughout his career on the "Street," had kept his record clean and pure. He added a few words in praise of their comrade's high character. At two minutes of twelve he finished speaking and he remained standing with uncovered head until the hands of his watch pointed to twelve.

No need of suggesting to the busy throng the propriety of following his example. Every man within hearing ceased his occupation at the speaker's first words and remained with uncovered head as long as the speaker did. For three minutes business was at a standstill, then the lull was over and the whirl was once more resumed.

What does this incident show? That even among the busiest the power of a noble character is felt. If only a leader comes forward, even the so-called "heartless," "hardened" Wall street brokers will be found ready to pay their mark of respect to one who has lived a worthy life and left behind him an unsullied record.

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A TRIP THROUGH SPEECHLAND.

ONE hazy August afternoon I found myself at the gate which opens into Speechland. In answer to my timid knock a Noun, young, sprightly and gaily clad, appeared; he bowed respectfully and opened the gate for me to enter.

"I shall be pleased to show you Speechland and introduce you to some of its inhabitants," said he. "You have chosen a good day for your visit, because the earth is so warm at present that people are little inclined to talk and hence even some of the most hard-worked Words are resting here; you know all Words retire to Speechland when not in use."

"May I, with propriety, inquire your name?" I asked.
"You may," he replied. "I am Jack Frost. I am enjoying a long vacation just now. I don't think I have been called away from home more than twice since last winter. I need a rest, for people employ me a great deal during the cold weather."

There came striding toward us a bold, dashing, young Adjective, whom my guide introduced as Strenuous.

The newcomer grasped me cordially by the hand.

"Ah," said he. "I am glad to meet you. I have been a hard-worked individual in America since Mr. Roosevelt came into office, but in spite of that I love the American people and as I see at a glance that you belong to that nationality I say again that I am very glad to see you in Speechland. What is that? A call from Earth? Good gracious! Who can have strength enough down there to employ me this hot day? Ah, I understand—a young

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man who has been asked to play tennis, wishes to say that the game is too——”

But the Adjective had disappeared.

A group of bold-looking Phrases now brushed rudely past us, staring at me insolently.

“I do not think you would care to be introduced to them,” said my guide. “They are slangy creatures, very impolite and totally devoid of any degree of refinement, in spite of the fact that they are beginning to be used by even educated inhabitants of the Earth. They are becoming more popular every day and I regret to see it. The first fellow is ‘Up To You,’ the second is ‘Beat It,’ the third is ‘Cut It Out’—you probably have heard them all on Earth.”

An old, gray-haired Participle was sleeping quietly on a bench in the shade of a huge sycamore tree.

“That is Yclept,” whispered Frost. “He is very ancient indeed and quite obsolete now; he has had only three calls to Earth in the past ten years.”

We tip-toed softly by and soon met a portly Noun, whom my guide introduced as Luggage. The latter nodded pleasantly and said:

“Hi don’t ‘ave many opportunities of meeting Hamericans; they don’t use me much. My cousin, Baggage, is more popular with them.”

A little farther on we saw some poor, worn-out-looking Words stretched on the ground, resting.

“Mostly overworked Adjectives and Adverbs,” my guide informed me. “Are you too tired to tell this gentleman your troubles?” he asked the first one.

The poor fellow addressed sat up and stifling a yawn, replied:

“My name is Nice and I am terribly overworked. One

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girl alone within half a day applied me to her pug dog, a chocolate cake, an auto ride, an ice-cream soda, a new gown, and—I can't begin to tell you how many other things. What! Another call to Earth? Yes, yes, I'm coming. Oh, dear, for just one hour of rest!" He sighed and limped wearily away.

"Those other Words who are lying down," said my guide, "are Awfully, Fine, Good and Lovely—all tired out from overwork. That Word over there, standing scowling at those childish Words, is a young Noun who was very popular a few years ago but whose day passed all too soon. His name is Bicycle; people seldom use him in speech now; he has gone out of style and his place has been taken to some extent by Automobile, that young boy over yonder. How Bi scowls and frowns at him! He is terribly jealous of him and also of that other lad over there, the one in the red costume; his name is Golf. Chauffeur, that foreign-looking Word, being a friend of Auto, also comes in for a share of Bi's anger."

"Why those Words are playing 'Wacht am Rhein!'" I exclaimed, as we approached a band of musicians.

"Yes," replied my guide. "They are the poor translations of good German expressions. German people trying to speak English, use them very often. The poor Words sometimes become a little homesick, longing for their German equivalents who are so superior to them; at such times they comfort themselves with playing German airs. The first one that you see is Already Once, the next is Make."

"Who is that individual over there?" I asked. "He looks like a farmer."

"Ah, his environment on Earth has caused him to assume that appearance," my guide informed me. "Only

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people living in the country use him ; his name is Right Smart. He has never had a call to any city. Just think of it ! He has never had even a glimpse of New York."

We then passed some technical Terms conversing learnedly together.

"Eliminate, Subpoena and Pianissimo," Frost informed me.

A nervous-looking Word walked quickly by.

"Typewriter," said my guide. "Poor fellow ! During the past decade he has been worked nearly to death."

A group of foreigners were talking and gesticulating by the roadside.

"Foreign Words," said Frost, "which are being used more and more every day in America. Their names are Siesta, Tete-a-tete, Sang-froid, Bric-a-brac, Blase, etc."

By this time we had made a complete circuit and the gate was once more in sight. A gay, young, Irish-looking Word entered and greeted my companion in a friendly way.

"Faix an' it's glad I am to be afther comin' home again," said the new arrival. "An' meself that tired wid overwurkin' this hot avnin' that I can hardly be standin' up at all. Arrah, Frost, but that's a broth of a by ye've wid ye."

Frost introduced me to him ; his name was Galore.

My guide and I then proceeded to the gate where I thanked him for his kindness in conducting me through the Land of Words. We bade each other farewell. I left Speechland behind me and at sunset arrived on my native Earth.

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A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

THE best man and one of the bridesmaids were standing in a secluded corner of the conservatory immediately after the wedding breakfast. He dangled a tiny, white box by a little, white ribbon as he said: "Do you believe in the old theory of dreaming on a piece of wedding cake? That whatever wish one makes will come true; for instance, if a man wishes to find out the name of the girl he is going to marry, the wedding cake will, in some mysterious way, reveal it to him. Do you believe all that nonsense?"

"What nonsense?" she asked mischievously. "The marrying?"

"Of course not. The wishing and the dreaming is the nonsense. Do you believe in it?"

"Certainly I do," she replied and her eyes were so innocent and her face so serious that he could not think for a moment she was in jest.

"You do? I'm surprised. Then won't you please take this box that was just given to me?"

"No, thank you. I received a box also. Keep it yourself and wish on it."

"I should like to find out the name——" he mused, "but the idea is so confoundedly old-fashioned and well—sort of superstitious, don't you think so?"

"Oh, I see. You want something more business-like, more Twentieth Centuryfied, so to speak. Suppose you try another plan which is thoroughly up to date and warranted never to fail. Write the names of seven girls you know, each on a separate piece of paper——"

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"But," he interrupted. "The name of one is so indelibly written on my heart that I could not think of six more."

The look in the eyes that met hers was so unmistakably full of meaning that her voice trembled just a little as she replied:

"I forgot to say that the names must be written by some disinterested person, but of course one who knows the young ladies of your acquaintance. A—will I do?" she ventured.

"You ought to know better than I."

"Well, suppose you let me try it. Give me the slips and a pencil, please."

He provided them. Assuming an attitude of deep thought she began to write busily.

"Of course you'll put your own name down," he suggested.

She demurred.

"I won't go on with the game or play or whatever you call it, unless you do," he announced.

"Well, since you wish it I'll put it down. And I'll leave one blank for bachelorhood."

When she had finished writing she handed him his pencil and whispered mysteriously, "Listen!"

"I am all attention, Fair Oracle."

"You will obey my instructions."

"To the letter."

"Place the box of cake under your pillow and also these seven slips. Each morning draw out one and destroy it, *without reading the name*, until the seventh morning. Then you may read the name on that slip. It will be the name of the girl you will marry."

"May I not read the others?" he pleaded. "It would

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be some satisfaction to know those whom I had escaped."

"The charm is broken if you read them."

"Will the name on the seventh slip be that of the girl I *want* to marry or merely the one Fate decrees me to marry?"

"I don't know whether you want to marry her or not."

"Does she want to marry me?"

"Don't ask so many questions. If I am to be an oracle I must be silent."

"But tell me, does she love me?" he persisted.

"It will be the name of a girl who loves——" she stopped with a very pretty blush upon her cheek. "But I will break the charm if I tell you any more. Here, take the slips and, as the children say, 'fen peeking.' "

They joined the rest of the guests.

A week later he 'phoned: "Your name is on the seventh slip. May I call to-night to see if the charm has worked?"

It was not until their honeymoon had lasted for three delightful days that she confessed that her name had been on every slip and none had been left blank. She added: "If it hadn't been leap year I would never have dared do it."

He kissed the originator of the leap year proposal.



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